

Drus.

Our gracious god moost in magnyfyce
his merciful epen casteth fro heuē on hi
seyng his creatures in deedly vyolence
hym selfe complayneth by pyre full rutfully
Sayenge o man deuoyde of intellygence
Open thyne eeres vnto my call and crye
And tell me yf I haue done to the offence
That thou forsakeest my Wyllyngly
Whan suche a loue to the I dyde take
This world in seven dayes whā I it wrought
Thou was the laste thyng that I dyd make
Bycause I wolde thou wanted nought
What thyng the myght helpe dyd not lake
That at thy nede yf it were sought
Fowle fyssh the all thyng for thy sake
For thy comforte all was forth brought
More ouer I gaue the that dygnyte
All brestes to bowe the vntyll
I made the also lyke vnto me
And gaue the connyng and freewyll
Me to serue that thou sholdest se
To chose the good and leue the yll
I aske nothyng agayne of the
But loue thy souerayne as it is sayll
But vnto this takest thou none entente
Thou tournest fro me full vnkynndly
On loues vnlesfull thy loue is lente
Thy herte beholdeth not heuen so hys
For all the goodes I haue the sente
The lysteth not ones to saye gramercye
In tyme to come o thou repente
Whan make amendes o that thou dye
A.ii.

Homo.

A crysten soule conceived in synne
Receyued in conscience thus complaynge
He fell downe flatte with deefull dynne
And sayd lord mercy souerayne kynge
I moost vnkynde wyctche of man kynne
I knowe I am thy traptour butrue in my ly-
This wycked lyfe that I lyue in (uyng)
I may it nought hyde frome thy knowynge
I want wordes and also wytte
Of thy kyndnesse to speke a cause
That I haue thou gaue me it
Of thy goodnes withouten cause
Thoughe I haue greued the and do yet
Thy benefaytes thou nought withdraue
I haue deserued to haue hell pytte
So haue I lyued ayenst thy lawe
But lord thou knowest mannes feblenesse
How frayle it is and hath ben aye
For though the soule haue thy lykenesse
Man is but fulsome erthe and claye
In synne conceived and wyctchednesse
And to the soule rebell alwaye
First a man groweth as dooth gresse
And he wasteth after as floures or haye
Syth man is than so frayle a thyng
And thy power sogrete in kynde
It is worlde is but a tynkelynge
Thou mayst destroye the myght of the synde
With thy ryght lord mercy mynge
And to my soze saluc thou sende
Soze me repenteth of my mynyng
Mercy lord I wyll amende

Deus.

Whan I gaue the bodyly heile
That thou sholde it spende in my serupce
Fayzenes also and fetures seile
Whan What doost thou With all thyse
Thou With delptes of the deuyl doost dele
Whiche is to me a great despyse
Thou lpuest a lecherous lyfe vnlele
fro yere to yere thou lpt not ryse
Thou studdest after nyce straye
And makest great cost on thy clothynge
To make the semely as who sholde saye
Thou coudest amende my makynge
Thou purposed the daye by daye
To set my people in synnyng
Thy Wretched Wyll thou folowest alwaye
What ende synne hathe þe thynkest nothyng
In Does tyme bycause of synne
And for lecherye in espyrall
What vengeaunce came than to mānes kynne
Sauc. viij. persones drowned were all
On Sodome and Gomor and the men win
How I made fyre and byrmstone fall
fro heuen on them that bode therin
for synne were destroyed bothe great & small
Whan Wentst thou my myght be lesse
Than it was than oꝝ that elles I
Thou hast no as moche Wyckednesse
As whan I smote the moost pyteously
But yf thou Wyll thy fautes redresse
Thought I now spare for my mercy
Whan thynke on my ryghtwysnesse
And make amendes oꝝ that thou dye

I. iij.

Homo.

I wote Well lord ryghtfull thou arte
And that synne must be punysshed nebe
But one thyng holdeth in hope my herte
Thy mercy passeth my mysdede
I know Well that I may not sterre
I haue so done me ought to drede
With beaute and With bodely quarte
To serue the I haue taken no hede
I haue myspende my ponge age
In synne and Wantonnesse also
To serue god slowe/and loued to rage
I gloton/a lechour I Was bothe two
I am Worth none other Wage
But for to dwell in endlesse woo
Alas Why haue I ben outrage
And serued the fende that is my foo
But lord in holy Wyte rede we
That thou forsakeest no Wretched Wyght
That leueth his synne and tourneth to the
And to tourne to the haue I hyght
Full proude and rebell haue I bene
But now I take me to thy myght
From hens forwarde to be cleue
Aynst myn owne fleshe to fyght
My fleshe to feble I Wyll fast
My bones to trauayle and to tene
And through thy grace I am not agast
What soze and sekenesse on me sene
To suffre Whyle my lyfe may last
For vtterly I Wyll attende
To punyshe that I haue trespass
Mercy Jesu I Wyll amende

Deus.

When I haue sent the syluer and golde
And all thy welth within thy wone
To susteyne the and thy housholde
And also other many one
Thou myght haue holpen ponge and olde
That ben diseased and woo begone
My seruantes suffred bothe hungrer & colde
Reliefe of the yet haue they none
If thou gyue for my loue a farthyng
Thou doost it with an heuy herte
In almesse thou gyuest no thyng
For drede thou fall in pouerte
In fleshely lust and worldly lykyng
What euer thou wastest mery thou arte
Of suche I wyl haue a rekenyng
At domes daye thou shalt not astarte
Than shalt thou gyue a countes full strepte
How thou comest by thy good ethe dele
Whether with trowth or with decepte
And how thou spende it yll or wele
None other grace thou after wayte
As thou hast wrought so shalt thou fele
What shall than profyte thy good in plate
Or poundes that thou of the people peile
A cleue consyence shall that daye
More profyte the and more let by
Than all the goodes or the monaye
Than euer was vnder heuen or skye
It wyl neuer helpe to plete nor praye
For as ryghtwylle than deme wyl I
And therfore man whyles thou maye
Make amendes or that thou dye

Homo.

I wote well lord fro yere to yere
Full greatly greued I the haue
That I wolde not thy mercy were
My mothers wombe had be my graue
For what profyteth my lyuyng here
But afterwarde I sholde be saue
But Ihesu as thou bought me dere
Leue not my soule in hell caue
My waste expense I wyll withdraue
For waste well called maye it be
For it was spende my boost to laue
My name to bere on londe and se
Well I wote me there not trowe
Thoughe many a man of my countre
If they me mette they dyd me not knowe
Nor neuer yet herde speke of me
Falsly I haue wrought as wyetche and wyse
I myght haue gotten me moche mede
Had I it spente in goddes seruyce
But brought they grace lord I am in dyce
As men that lyeth and may not ryse
For haue I am myn all our nede
With the remenaunt lord at thy dysple
The poore and naked with cloth and fere
Seke men that lyen in goddes bandes
That haue no spuer for to spende
And prysoners bounde bothe fete and handes
Ofte to byspte and them attende
Whan I se them that in nede standes
Suche as I haue I shall them sende
Lord let these werkes lesse my bande
And mercy Ihesu I wyll amende

Deus.

When yf thou amendes wylte make
Gyue thyne almes of thyn owne goodes
And se thou werke no man to wylake
To benge ony other mennes modes
If thou vntreuly from ony take
And therwith synde forty theyr fodes
Suche sacryfycce I forlake
They be to me as souer as woymetwode
The poze people thou doo oppzesse
With slepyghtes and wyles many one
Thou makest chyrges and do synge messe
Thou mendest wayes where men ouer gone
And some men curse and some men blesse
Whiche shall I here of these two
If thou wylte haue grace as I gesse
Let all falsenes be fledde the fro
The moches that thy clothes ete
And thou lettest poze men go bare
Thy drynke soureth and mouleth thy mere
Wherwith the pooze man myght well fare
The rust that thy syluer dooth frete
Thy goodes that euyl gotten are
They crye on the bengeaunce grete
The fox to spyll but yet I spare
With holdest here apenst the ryght
Frome thy seruauntes vpon the crye
When oftentymes thou hast me hyght
Thou woide amende and leue folp
Thou spekest full fayze bothe daye and nyght
Thou brekest my comaundementes cōtynually
Yet is me lothe with the to syght
But make amendes o that thou dye

Homos.

Sweete lord I may not agaynst saye
I haue not holden that I the hyght
I greue the gretely euery daye
I do not as I had the plyght
I wolde do well but welawaye
With enemyes I am euert beset
Whan my soule sayne wolde the paye
My fleshe is fyrt that wyll me let
And euert the farder that I it fede
Euer the fresher it is my soo
yet bere it aboute I must nede
full feble it is it wyll me doo
The worlde/the fende/the fleshe/they brde
Some with well and some with woo
What may I do with a wycked webe
To fyght ayenst thre enemyes soo
Whan I enforce me ocher whyles
And thynke I wyll lyue a true lyue
And forsaake all batayles and gyles
The worlde byddeth me batayle be lyue
And but I wyll bse wythes and wyles
The comen voyce is I shall not thryue
Some me scorneth and at me smyle
And counte me but a kynde captiue
But now I thynke with stondynge this
To forsaake falsnesse withouten ende
And restore that I toke amys
And paye my dettes saye and hende
And to rewarde eche man his
As reason is than wyll I spende
And gyue myne almesse there nede is
Mercy Iesu I wyll amende

Drus.

Man I haue sente the kynbly syght
And vnderstandynge skyll and wytte
To rule thy selfe by reason ryght
As reherfeth holy wytte
That clerely sheweth the godly lyght
How thou shouldest deedly synne forsake
And on that maner thou please me myght
What ayleth the thus fro me to shake
Wouldest rycheesse royall repayre
In welth and thynges of folysse
Fylthes/beestes/and byrdes of the ayre
These thynketh me semely for to se
That thynges þat perelsheth and dooth appayre
Unto the syght thus pleasynge be
Well mayst thou wytte I am full fayre
Of whome eche thyng hath this beaute
But man as thou wytleste were
Thou lokest aye downwarde as a beest
It behoueth the of me to here
Foule spekyng is to the a freest
I comfoure the I make the chere
And thou inwardly louest me leest
I call the vnto me yere by yere
Thou wyldest not come at my request
As fro thy foe thou fro me felest
I folowe the fast and on the cype
Thou wrapest the with all banytes
And thynke my speche to the but folpe
And a thyng that nought is thou wyldest lese
My Joye that lasteth endlesse
Man yet byce leue and vertue chere
And make amendes of that thou bye

B. ij.

Homo.

Sweete Iesu none answere I can
But ofte crye mercy with herte stable
Alas for woo why is a man
Worse than a beest vnreasonable
All beestes sythen the worlde began
In kyndly werkynge ben durable
Haue onely I of wyll wan
That do full many dedes dampnable
I was made to knowe my maker
And to loue hym ouer all thyng
And I a sleper and neuer waker
To take kynde knowynge of my kyng
Cottysles haue I ben a great hede taker
A songe of sorowe make I synge
For had I ben of synne a forsaker
Of cryste sholde I haue ben some knowynge
My ghooostly euen ben full of duste
Cursed couetyse hath blynded me
They ben blodeghotten with fleshy luste
That heuently kyng make I not se
But lord though I haue ben vniuste
Throughe helpe of thy benygnyte
I hope to rube awaye the ruste
With repentaunce and grace of the
And where that I haue afore this
My wyll in worldly thyng haue spend
From hens forwarde my purpose is
Thy lawe to lerne to my lyues ende
Thy .x. commaundementes truly I wyls
Them to kepe I wyl me mende bende
And there as I haue done amys
Mercy Ihesu I wyl amende

Deus.

When my mercy yf it be in thy mynde
I haue the it shewed in many wyse
Wherthen the tyme thou fyrst synde
I yent my commaundemente in paradyse
In hell pryson when thou were pynde
For doyng of the deuylles deuyse
Out of thy tene to betwynde
Mercy and loue thyn helpe were thysse
Mercy was thyn aduocat chese
That I for the toke fleshe and blode
Loue made the to be soo lye
That I for the was rente on rode
I suffred deeth to chaunge thy grese
And vnto hell than downe I yode
And brought the to blysse fro repese
When I haue ben thy frende full gode
I become pooze the ryche to make
To make the whyte I was made reed
My sorowe my sekenes made thyn to steepe
My hungre dyde bake thy blyssfull breed
I bonde my selfe my bondes I brake
To gete the lyfe I suffred deeth
What sholde I do moze for thy sake
To hele thy soke was hurte my hede
Now yf thou thynke I myght moze do
For thy sake I am redy
To dye agayne yf nede were therto
Suche loue to the man had I
I hyght the myrthes and Joyes moo
But thou arte moost thyn owne enemye
For ought I bydde thou wyte do soo
When make amendes of thou dye

B.iii.

Homo.

Lozde Whan I on thy pouerte aduerse
And how Wyllfull thou were and sayne
To suffre for my woundes smerte
To see my synnes thou were sayne
Harder than yron is my herte
That hath no pyte of thy payne
Euer the kynder to me thou arte
The more unkynder I am agayne
Why woldest thou lozde be sayne for me
That am thy enemy moost unkynde
Syth no man hath more charyte
Than deth to suffre for his frende
By what shyl sholde thou so sayne be
Syth I made me thral to the fende
I trespasset lozde why he smote thou
Now blessed be thou without ende
I se wel lozde that thou louest vs
For our profyte and not for thyne
For what werest thou the worse Iesus
Though all we were in endles pyne
Alas why be we so vncyous
And so unkyndly from hym declyne
That is our god so gracys
And so loth to man soule to pyne
But swete lozde as thou hast begon
So let thy mercy forch extende
Put thy crosse and thy passyon
Bytweene my werkes worthy to be brende
And thy dome that I may not shonne
That houndes of hell come me not hende
Who but the father sholde helpe the sone
Mercy Iesu I wyll amende

Deus.

Whan yf thou wylte my mercy gete
Thurgh my passyon of moost vertue
Why ceaseest thou not me for to bete
Eche daye on the crosse doost me newe
With deedly synne on morowe at mete
As tourmentours to me vntreue
And namely with thy othes grete
To swere thou wylte nothyng eschewe
No lymme of me / nor thou derest
Why sayest thou euill ayenst good
By my soule ofte tyme thou swerest
By my body and by my blode
With thy tongue thou me all to terest
Whan thou arte wrothe and almost wode
Whan with thyn unkyndnes thou me derest
More than they rente me on the rode
Thou hast more pyte of thy too
If it be hurte and a lytell blede
And all that euer I dyd doo
I suffered it for thy mysdoe
Whan thou arte taught that thou sholde do
Of swerynge but whan it were nede
Thou scornest them that sayeth so
Thou takest to my byddynge no hede
Loude lesynges on me thou makest
Somtyme to wyne an halfe peny
Whan to wytnesse thou me takest
And yet thou forswerest the wylfully
Byenge and sellynge thou not forsakest
But bayne and false to swere me by
Whan thou doest thus thy bale thou takest
Whan make amendes of that thou dyest

Homo.

Sweete Iesu how holde I agayne saye
But that I am a captyfe and more curste
That dooth on the curse every daye
With great othes and werkes worste
And moche more the greueth than thay
On caluary that fiewe fyre
For had they knowen the for god beray
To do the to deth they had not durste
But I knewe the after my bpleue
That thou arte god omny potent
And I feare not the to greue
Well worthy am I to be shente
How mayst thou lord suffre to meue
Of the traptourg that the tourment
Peruayle it is I do not myscheue
Or am not kyled/drownet/or byent
The erthe swallowed quicke
Sathan and abyron for theyr synne
And as I wene they were neuer so wyche
As moost certyfe full mankyne
In deedly synne men dye now thycke
Dysease full grete now dooth begynne
Yet in my synne I stande and stycke
Euyll custome is full harde to blynde
I wolde be wanton and do euyl
But I wolde none me replehnde
But let me lyue after my wyll
This was lefull somtyme I wende
But now I se that it is skyl
Suche lrghe lord thou haste me sende
But I leue synne it wyll me spyl
Wherfor lord I wyll amende

Drug.

Whan of thy life it shall be longe
If so be that thy soule be sprite
Forgyue them that done the wronge
And I shall forgyue the thy gyfte
And yf thou be of herte so stronge
That in nomyse forgyue thou wylte
But venge thy selfe with herte and tonge
As a traytour thou shalke be sprite
Thou gettest no man the to saue
That no mercy on other hase
How maye thou of mercy craue
And thou wylte graunte no man thy grace
Mercyfull man shall mercy haue
Fell folke I see fro my face
What example that I the gaue
Whan derth I suffred no tene I tace
I prayed for them that me displeased
Though I myghte dampned them for aye
And yf thou be a lytell displeased
Thou cursed & barrest bothe nyght & daye
For no techynge wylte thou be pleased
To venge the is thy wyll alwaye
Full soule holde thou foos be sapled
If thou myghtest as I on the maye
Without cause ofte thou arte wythe
Unto thy frendes unkyndfull
Whan they the teche and counseyle bothe
To lue thy wyathe and thyn enuy
With wordes greut and spytefull othe
Thou defendest thy soule foulpe
But the to lose I am full lothe
Whan make amendes of that thou dre

C. j.

Homid.

Sweete Iesu thynke thou made vs all
And how kynde and propre it is to the
On synfull men that to the call
To haue mercy and pye
Thoughe I haue ben bytter as gall
For thy great pyte haue mercy on me
For thy loue that I neuer fall
But kyndly in me charyte
For I coude the people ken
And speke wíth aungelles tongues clere
And thought I delte amonge poore men
Wíth worldly goodes all in fere
And though I dyde my body brenne
For loue of the that bought me dere
Yet all this profyteth me not chenne
In charyte but yf I were
And I wote lorde it is moze pleasynge
To the Iesu my souerayne dere
To loue the lorde ouer all thyng
And be in charyte and accorde here
Wíth all my neybours by ryght wyse belynge
Than for to faste throughe out the yere
And all the masses the prestes synge
But yf I loue I am no comforte nere
Alas why haue I wyothfull ben
That loue of my herte was not hende
I hated that neuer dyde me tene
I loued not hym that me good lende
I caste me no moze to be hene
To loue myn enemyes I wyll attende
Whall I hym neuer curse I wene
Mercy Iesu I wyll amende

Drus.

Man yf thou wyte of bates blynde
And charyte kepe in eury chaunce
By mercy sone thou mayst wyne
So that thou do thy true penaunce
Loke thyn herte be contryte within
And be soze for thy mys gouernaunce
What profiteth to shewe the of thy synne
But thou in herte haue repentaunce
Thou shewest and penaunce doost none
For thy synne but thyn herte be soze
For worldly losse thou makest mone
Thou synnest and sorowest not therfore
And yf thou were woo brgone
What bytter medycyne geuen the woze
With Joye thou woldest take it anone
To boodely helth the to restore
Thy soule with deedly synne is dayne
And without sorowe thy synne thou telles
To do suche penaunce thou arte not sayne
As thy chyfte father the counsellers
As thou wyte neuer restore agayne
Fals gotten goodes that thou with melles
Man thou must alwaye suffice payne
Here for thy synnes or somwhere elles
It is impossyble and may not be
To passe fro Joye to Joye on hys
Take the crosse and folowe me
If thou wyte to blyss by styg
Skenesse and all aduersyte
What and it come suffice it paciently
Hate alwaye synne and fro it fle
And make amendes or thou dye

C. 11.

Homo.

Loꝛde gyue me grace amendeꝛ to make
Foꝛ of myſelfe me fayleth powere
All dedely ſynne now I foꝛſake
And wolde do dedes that in defull were
In this woꝛlde ſende me woo and wꝛake
Foꝛ all my ſynnes done in fere
Who hath no ſozowe hꝛe may quake
Them that thou loueſt thou chaſtyſe hꝛe
Foꝛ my ſake. xxx. yere and moo
Gꝛat trauayle hꝛe in erthe thou hadde
Thy mother and thy apoſtles alſo
In gꝛat dyſcaſe theyꝛ lyfe they ladde
In aduerſyte and moche woo
Euery good man ſholde be gladde
Syth that deſyng that with the dyde dwell
Had ſuche aduerſyte in hꝛ lyfe
That hꝛte may thynke oꝛ tongue can tell
The payne the anguyſſhe and the ſtryfe
That dampned haue in hell
Than endleſſe woo and ſozowe be ryfe
I wyll foꝛſake my ſynnes fell
And to a deſcrete pꝛeſt me ſhyue
In true penaunce is myne entent
From hꝛe foꝛwarde my tyme to ſpende
And kepe well thy commaundement
Foꝛ elles in hell ſyre I ſhall be bꝛende
Boꝛall repayꝛe ryche robes and rent
What may they helpe me at my ende
But I the ſerue I ſhall be ſhent
Mercy Ieſu I wyll amende

Deus.

When do penance whyle thou maye
Leest sodeynly I take vengeance
Bydde I the not dape by dape
For cause I wolde thou dyde penance
When I am moze redy alwaye
To forgyue thy misgouernaunce
When þ of all thy frendes haste made assaye
Thou shalt fynde none lyke to me
Thou wylte amende ofte tymes thou sayed
Agayne amendes no man may be
Do true penance and I am payed
From endles payne to make the free
For thy loue my lyfe I layed
What frende sholde haue done so for the
With sorow full herte thy synne thou thyne
And make amendes to thy enemy
If thou thus leue thy wycked lyue
I wyl be therof gladd truely
Thynke oft tymes of lothes wyne
And tourne not to thy synne agayne
Let no dyspayre downe the dyspyre
Thynke on Peter and Magdalayne
When wyne alwaye thy wyckednesse
And kepe my byddynge by and by
And thou shalt haue in my palese
Worthyp withouten bylang.
No pouerte but all rychenesse
Helth/strength/and wysdome truely
Thou shalt be full of all swetnesse
And than to lyue and neuer moze dye

Ellis,

Homs.

Ghaunte mercy Jesu croppe and rote
Of al frenshyp for in none sayles
Aynst the I Wyll not more
But as ofte as me euill ayles
I Wyll fall downe flarte to thy fote
To helpe me in ghooosly batayles
Now wote I where I shall me hyde
Whan I am stered to ony synne
In the great wounde of thy ryghe syde
And be hertely hydde therein
As in a coure there may I abyde
For oughe ye synde can me ymagyn
For all this wolde that is so wyde
Ther in is souerayne medecyn
There may no wanhope make me care
That haue of thy aungellis so good
To kepe me that I not inysfare
And thy mother my best of mode
Lorde shende be thy woundes then
And than of mercy we may not myse
And than to helpe crysten men
Now Jesu lorde thou be wyse
That we with the may hyde to blyse
In Joye and blyse withouten ende
That to thy people ordeyned is
That leue synne and them amende

A M C R.



Thus endeth the cōmynycacyon betwene
god and man. Enprynted at London in flete:
strete at þe sygne of þe Sonne by me Wynkyn
de Worde





